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CAMPANULA MACROSTYLA.



AUGUST, 1888.

AS THE SUMMER advances we are able to see the result of our spring work, whether good or bad. The past spring being late, garden work was much crowded, and as a result, in some cases, not any too well done. Trees and shrubs transplanted early are doing well, while among those late planted there are some failures. The weather of May, and until the latter part of June, was dry, and from this cause many plants have suffered. Some nursery trees under our observation, that were transplanted on new grounds, in May, made but a feeble start, and after a time vegetation seemed stopped. These were principally Birches, Beeches and Oaks. About the first of June, as the weather was hot and dry, it was evident that unusual care must be exercised if the trees were to be saved. With this view they were encased in moss or sphagnum. Commencing at the base of the stock the moss was bound around with small twine, working upwards and taking in the few branches. After this the moss was saturated with

water, and the wetting repeated every day. As a result, by the last of the month new leaves began to push out and the trees have now made a growth that ensures their lives, and supply us an example of the value of careful oversight and proper assistance to young trees in a trying time. Another case that may be profitably mentioned is that of some young Magnolias which, when just transplanted, pushed their buds promptly, but as the roots were not yet in working order and could not supply the necessary sap the young leaves perished under the scorching sun. As some of the lower buds showed vitality the trees were shielded from the sun by setting some pieces of boards in the ground, in such a way as to shade them. This proved to be the needful help, and the trees have pushed a new growth.

A large proportion of trees are lost from transplanting in the spring for the reason that the tops are not reduced, or not reduced sufficiently. The tree, as it is received from the nursery, may have a

well formed head, and one does not want to see it deformed, not knowing that it is a necessity, perhaps, to its life, certainly to its well-doing, and also that the surest way to preserve the head in good form is to cut back severely all the young branches. In the same way shrubs, and especially Rose bushes, are transplanted with the desire to see bloom at once, and with the result of a feeble growth the first year. The danger of such newly transplanted subjects in a dry time and under a scorching sun is very great. On the other hand, if the branches are closely pruned, growth usually proceeds promptly, and at the close of autumn the plants are amply provided with new, well-ripened wood, able to bear the coming cold season. The dangers that attend tree planting in spring time are greatly lessened by very early planting, but usually early planting is impracticable, and therefore the most careful attention afterwards is demanded. In our own experience the best success has resulted in transplanting trees and shrubs in the fall, in properly prepared soil, and giving winter protection by mulching with litter or leaves. Such subjects usually start to grow promptly in spring, and have already made a fine growth before spring planted trees have started. We do not hesitate to advise fall planting in climates not more severe than our own.

Some kinds of seeds failed to germinate well the past spring, as the soil remained cold and dry for a long time during the seeding period. Where planting is done on a large scale, as Corn planting, for instance, among farmers, it is difficult or impossible to foresee or foretell the result; in sowing flower seeds, however, the cold-frame is the remedy for this trouble, and instead of sowing such seeds generally in open beds they should be sowed in the cold-frame, and the plants afterwards be placed in position where they are wanted. We cannot too strongly advise every one who has a garden, large or small, to have, and to keep in repair, ready for use at all times, a good frame. It will prove a source of great satisfaction. It may seem strange to some that we should now be urging the use of an apparatus so well known and so long employed, but the fact is, great numbers of amateur gardeners have never used it.

It is plainly noticeable that some of the best hardy climbers make the most luxurious growth on the north or east side of the house, and the Honeysuckles and Clematises will hold their blooms much longer in these exposures than when facing the south. The fact is that, in our climate, we must study the needs of our plants for summer protection quite as much as for winter protection. We know that the most successful Peach growers in this region invariably seek northern or eastern hillsides for their Peach orchards. The evidences of the value of northern and eastern sites for many plants are very plain during a hot, dry term, like that which attended us from the fifteenth to the twenty-seventh of last June—a period termed by some meteorologist a heat-storm.

On the fifteenth of June the red-tipped buds of the Hybrid Perpetual Roses in the gardens showed that the next day we might expect to see some of them in fine form, which was the case. The heat continued to increase from day to day until the twenty-first of the month, and the effect upon the Roses was to make them burst into bloom so quickly that great numbers, in fact, the most of them, were malformed, and were already faded before night. We do not remember a season so unfavorable for Roses. This heat period was ended with rain, followed by cooler weather, and it was only at the very last of the month that the Roses began to appear in fine condition.

Strawberry plants set the past spring, in this region, very generally failed, and on this account the crop of fruit here another season must be light. The crop this year has been small and poor; a late, cold, dry spring does not suit the wants of the Strawberry, and then to have excessive heat and drought at the ripening period is to combine about all possible conditions to make the result disastrous. The present will be a good time, and it should not be delayed, to layer young Strawberry plants in pots, and thus prepare them for setting by the first of next month. For the benefit of those who have never practiced this method of raising vines it may be well to describe it briefly.

A good compost is prepared by mixing some old, well decayed manure with a good light soil. Have on hand some

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small pots, two or three-inch, and plunge them to their rims in the Strawberry beds, where they can have layered into them at the rooting point the young runners of the plants, one to each pot. Put enough soil in the pot to half fill it, then bend into it the runner, bringing the rooting node on the soil, and cover it with more of the same prepared soil, pressing it in firmly. In this way a great number of layers can, in a short time, be made. If the weather at this time should prove to be dry, attention must be given to watering. In two or three weeks each pot will contain a well-rooted, strong-growing plant that, without any check, can be turned out of the pot into the bed prepared for it, and it will continue its growth as if not disturbed. In private gardens this method of preparing Strawberry plants for removal should always be employed. By the time that winter sets in the plants will have become quite strong, and with proper mulching will be able to go through the cold weather without harm, and in spring the bed will present full rows of strong plants, which are ready to yield a light crop the first season, and will another year be prepared to set full of fruit if conditions are favorable. Water is the great need of the Strawberry.



Buttercup nodded, and said, good-bye,
 Clover and Daisy went off together;
 But the fragrant Water Lilies lie
 Yet moored in the golden August weather.

The swallows chatter about their flight,
 The cricket chirps like a rare good fellow,
 The Asters twinkle in clusters bright,
 While the Corn grows ripe and the Apples mellow.

CELIA THAXTER.

NATIVE ORCHIDS.

In the January number of VICK'S MAGAZINE was a very interesting article on Orchids indigenous to New York. My "visiting list" in Westchester county comprises a few more of the family. Very probably mine does not comprise all orchidaceous plants to be found in this locality, as time for woodland walks has been limited, and, like other members of the aristocracy, their homes are often not easy of access. Of those mentioned in the article referred to, the Showy Orchis, considered by late botanists our only true Orchis, and Putty-root, are known to me only by reputation. Orchis grandiflora and O. orbiculata, the Habenaria or Platanthera



1, CYPRIPEDIUM PARVIFLORUM.

2, CYPRIPEDIUM PUBESCENS.

fimbriata and P. orbiculata, of GRAY, are likewise strangers. Cypripedium acaule was a friend of my Massachusetts school days, growing in the edges of Pine woods, but I have never found it here, perhaps because there are no Pine woods. Careful search in a swampy woodland was rewarded with Cypripedium pubescens and C. parviflorum, much alike in general appearance, the latter smaller, with deep yellow, fragrant flowers, while those of C. pubescens are scentless.

In late summer, a patient tramp through bush and brier in the same woods may be rewarded with the lilac spray of Habenaria psycodes, the smaller Purple-fringed Orchis, an exceedingly beautiful plant, which has a provoking trick of disappearing from its home when that has been discovered. I have found it growing in its delicate beauty, plucked the flower-stem carefully not to injure stalk or root, taken

the bearings of trees and under-shrubs, returning the next summer to search for rods around in vain. It had disappeared as completely as the Tulip bulbs I used to plant in the garden in the fall did by spring. The blame in the latter case was laid to ground moles. Did some ground mole or field mouse serve Orchis roots as a dainty at some winter festival?

The Ragged Orchis, Habenaria lacera, with yellowish-green flowers, is not unlike H. psycodes in appearance of plant, though quite inconspicuous as to blossom. But to a victim of the Orchid mania, beauty of coloring is not an essential feature of a plant's claim to regard. We admire it for its grotesqueness, its curious arrangement of parts, because it is unlike anything else—in short, because it is an Orchid. This Ragged Orchid I have found without very much trouble in wet meadows and pastures in late summer. The "intervals," or hollows in the wet meadows that are skipped in the mowing are often treasure gardens of flowers in late summer. The mowing cuts off so many stems before they bloom; some send up a feeble growth and a few flowers later, many give up the attempt for the season.

In similar places grows *Spiranthes cernua*, which is plentiful enough to gather by handfuls, the only Orchidaceous plant I am inclined to call common, from my experience, unless I except *Goodyera pubescens*, though on some hillsides and in hedgerows *Spiranthes gracilis* is not rare. Both are called Lady's Tresses. The most noticeable difference between them is that the flowers in *S. cernua* are in three

ranks or rows on the spike, while those of *S. gracilis* are in one spirally twisted row. The leaves of *S. gracilis* commonly wither away before the flowers open, leaving the prim little stalk standing stiff as if in a child's play garden, where the flowers are but blossoms pulled and stuck in the earth.

One of the handsomest of our members of "the royal family" is *Calopogon pulchellus*. It scarcely has a common name. WOOD mentions "Grass Pink," but that is misleading, and is frequently applied to a far different plant. I first met it on a warm day of early summer, the pink-purple blossoms seeming to float in the air as the wind swayed their delicate, grass-like stems. A certain bog-pasture supplied these floral butterflies for some years with tolerable regularity, but for some years past I have failed to find them. It may be I did not time my visit aright, and hours of careful search when not in bloom would hardly reveal their slender stems amid the lush growth of mid-summer.

Among my relics of school days is a pressed plant of *Pogonia ophioglossoides*, earlier and paler than *Calopogon*, which it yet resembles considerably. I found it then in a moist hollow in an old pasture, but a patient search in



1, HABENARIA LACERA.
2, POGONIA OPHIOGLOSSOIDES.

similar spots in this locality has never been thus rewarded.

Goodyera pubescens and *Corallorhiza* are not infrequent in the woods where the Yellow Lady's Slippers grow. The leaves of *Goodyera* are so peculiar that the plant can be easily recognized at any season of the year. It is the most conspicuous of our plants with mottled foliage. The nearest approach to it that I know of is *Hieracium venosum*, Rattlesnake Weed, often seen in our woods and hillsides. That has root-leaves veined and mottled with purple, but it has not the exquisite lace-like appearance of *Goodyera*.

Corallorhiza multiflora is the only species of Coral-root I know of in this section, but they are much alike. The writer of the article published in January wonders why most plants destitute of green herbage wait for the late summer. If they are, as generally supposed, root parasites, fastening their roots to those of other plants,



CALOPOGON PULCHELLUS.



CORALLORHIZA MULTIFLORA.

and drawing thence the nourishment for their strange growth, it may be a provision of nature in order that the nurse plant may not have the drain on its vitality till its own season of most rapid growth is past. I do not wish to say that such is the solution; some of the Broomrapes flower in spring, but the trees on whose roots they appear to feed are not likely to feel the loss of sap enough to support such pigmy dependents.

The only one of these "royal" neighbors I have ever attempted to domesticate is *Goodyera pubescens*. It failed to survive the winter, perhaps for lack of the warm coverlet of leaves the autumn wind tucks so nicely over it in the hollows of its native woods.

Have we no western Orchids? I never read of them. A correspondent in Idaho, whose early years were spent in Iowa, did not even know what an Orchid was when I asked for pressed specimens of Idaho Orchids. Will the chapter on western Orchids be as short as the memorable one on the snakes of Ireland? Who will enlighten me?

LENA LESLIE.

NEW GERANIUMS.

Lovers of pure white flowers may well rejoice over the new stars of various constellations, which have, this year, sailed into their ken, and found, let us hope, a permanent place in florists' catalogues and general esteem. Brightest of these in the Geranium family, and well deserving her royal cognomen, is the single, white variety, Queen of the Belgians. Used as a bedding plant, the hottest summer suns cannot swerve her from her allegiance to purity. Generously she sends out her shapely, snow-white trusses, the petals larger than those of any other Geranium I ever saw, and remaining perfect for a long time. Right royally does Her Majesty merit the many medals she has so triumphantly won.

Blanche Perfecta and La Cygne are rivals among the new double whites. Both stand the sun well and without change of color; both are just double enough to be perfect in shape, and Blanche Perfecta has proved itself to be a free bloomer and vigorous grower.

La Cygne seems determined not to be left behind in this respect, and I am very much afraid that if the two plants should stand side by side, minus their labels, I could not tell them apart.

To see Lady Reed is to admire and yearn for possession. Although most people of refinement prefer self-colored or shaded flowers, there are very few fail to admire this Geranium, with its large, pure white petals, and eye of soft, bright scarlet. It is single, of course, and in good qualities first cousin to Queen of the Belgians.

Yellow, too, has its share among the new flowers. Guinea and Jealousy both have paled of late before the rich, golden-orange hue of Golden Dawn. This Geranium has all the good points which every one should have, and beside these a wonderful adaptability to all situations, gardens, lawn or greenhouse.

Autumn leaves is a Geranium singular enough to attract attention anywhere, striped and shaded as it is with almost

every color of the rainbow, but it is somewhat odd and capricious in its likings, and will never be so popular as Madame Salleroi, another fancy-leaved Geranium which is winning golden opinions everywhere, and is too well known to need any description. Its vigorous, rounded, compact growth make it of great value, and its leaves are rather smaller and much more numerous than other silver-leaved varieties.

In selecting new favorites among Geraniums it is well to remember that no first-class flower will drop its petals before the whole truss is fully expanded, and after the selection is made not to judge them by the first season's develop-

ments. Geraniums are somewhat gross feeders. They will grow on earth and water alone, but be very stingy about blooming. Almost any kind of stimulant proves very acceptable to them. Soap-suds, soot, ammonia water, liquid manure, coffee grounds or tea leaves, any and all are good for them.

What would we do if a blight should suddenly fall on our good friend, the Geranium? The plea of "commonness," so often advanced against it, is only another proof of the general recognition of its good qualities, and any improvements in this direction are always joyfully hailed.

KATE ELLICOTT.

MINE OWN VINE AND FIG-TREE.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,"
"I want a garden."

Probably not; for the love of a garden is well nigh universal, and the very name has stood ever since the first foul folly of the fruit which lost to ADAM and EVE the delights of Eden as the synonym of all enjoyment.

One has said, and truly, that "A man can no more grow and develop than can a tree unless he is rooted in soil of his own."

Anteus-like, man thrives by close contact with earth. With every deep breath in the open air and sunshine, he feels the sap ascending from the soil along every vein, and every pore of his body draws in a stronger life.

For unmitigated pleasure, and an unalloyed delight,
And just to fill the sunny summer hours,
There is naught that brings enjoyment half so pure
or half so bright,
As a little garden full of fruit and flowers.

Whether it be after Lord BACON'S model, a little (?) matter of thirty acres, or comprise only so many, or half so many, square rods, who would know true enjoyment should supply himself with all possible dispatch with a "bit of earth" wherein to grow—a "reservation" where he himself, and none other, is reigning monarch. Where he can work out his own ideas in his own way, with none to gainsay or dispute possession, save the bees and the birds.

And, continuing the simile, what king could have lovelier court or more engag-

ing subjects? Here the trees, staunch knights of the realm, fling down their golden favors at his very feet while standing forever "on guard." And the flowers, like famous court beauties, show every phase of loveliness that nature can devise, always with some new trick or pose of beauty to catch the eye and please the taste of the reigning prince.

Dissipations in this court are but sanitary measures. Flirting with the sunbeams as they filter through the branches will incur no heavier penalty than a sun-browned forehead or a ruddied cheek; while despoiling the "knights" of their hoarded treasure, or stealing a kiss from the lips of a Lily, are transgressions unpunished—aye, are even at a premium in the pleasures of a pampered palate, and the intoxication of perfume.

"Humdrum pleasures these," you say. My friend, the tragedies of the world are enacted here each day, in miniature. Here, without the bitter experiences which forever hover over life, we can learn by object lessons, if we will.

"Humdrum?" Is it nothing to watch the seed which you planted in faith, spring up, grow and expand into lovely bloom, or luscious fruit; or the vine, which you have trained, gleam in its royal purple, with nectar fit for HEBE herself to quaff?

Away with your daily papers with their ever swelling lists of crime, I will go and read my "morning lesson" from the face of nature. I will go into the garden

when the dew is on, and read there fulfilment of the promise, "joy cometh in the morning," for the birds are singing "Nature's Hallelujah" at their sweetest and best. The Morning Glory is swinging its bells of blue, each one heavy with the weight of some ambitious bee which is dipping, head first, into sweets too great for his sipping—buds are bursting into bloom—and lo! like a flash of iridescent light, comes your favorite humming-bird, a flashing jewel on wings. Hear the whir of his tiny wings (is it not fairy music?) as he hums over the brim of some diamond set cup of a flower, or hangs suspended, a palpitating bit of perpetual motion, beneath the pendent bells of the Abutilon, dipping again and again into the nectared depths, catching by his slender beak to the edge of the flower-

cup, till the light breeze which swung him past his moorings has lapsed by—flitting here, glancing there, eyeing you saucily, dodging you neatly, but never suspending business for an instant, he can taste the sweets of every blossom that blows in the garden in less time than it takes to tell of it.

No language is subtle enough to transmit the bliss there is in a budding Rose, or the breath of a fragrant Lily, but sack the world for pleasure and the day will surely come at last, when, weary and wayworn, you will gladly flee back to your garden as to a refuge, and leaving all the cares of earth outside the sacred enclosure, find rest and joy and peace, aye, rapture, under "your own vine and Fig-tree."

DART FAIRTHORNE.

HORTICULTURE FOR WOMEN.

There is a constantly increasing class of out door workers among women, who become such because of a better understanding of the laws of health and a necessity for out door exercise. Some of these are content to follow in the beaten path, procure a few seeds and spend the summer in transplanting, weeding, watering and admiring the flowers. Others go farther, and try to add interest by increasing the size of their garden, one southern lady I heard of pushing matters in this direction until her garden measured nearly an acre, and her varieties exhausted a prominent catalogue. Such an extension of operations is neither profitable or possible to most ladies who seek health and amusement in their gardens, nor does it meet the wants of those who wish to step a trifle out of the beaten path. Here and there one goes a step farther and crosses the threshold of the greenhouse, and explores a very little the mysteries of artificial plant propagation and growth. Beyond this none go, leaving unexplored some of the most attractive and interesting by-ways of horticulture.

Methods of propagation by budding and grafting, the starting of difficult seeds, the laws by which the increase of many plants is governed, and general botanical knowledge are sealed books to many women who, if they would only venture to look into them, would be sur-

prised and delighted at the depth of amusement and instruction to be found therein.

There is also no small gain in many cases to be obtained from a knowledge of the horticultural processes that seem so unintelligible to many women. Take budding and grafting, for examples. It is simply by the use of these means that the nurseryman gains his livelihood. The seedling Peach and Plum, without budding, has no commercial standing whatever; the seedling Cherry is worth about two-thirds of a cent, and the seedling Apple trees thirty or forty cents per hundred. The nurseryman buds the three former and grafts the latter, and increases the value from ten cents to seventy-five cents. When he tries his skill on Tree Pæonies, Rhododendrons and Magnolias, each more or less difficult to grow and manipulate, his profits rise in proportion.

Now, I would not have any woman engage in the nursery business, either for business or pleasure, for many of its requirements are hard and laborious, but a knowledge of the art of budding and grafting would enable many a woman to surround her home with some of the choicest fruits and flowers that otherwise would be out of her reach.

I fancy that VICK'S MAGAZINE goes into many homes that are far away from

cities, and depots, and nurseries, and to such homes the ability to propagate or duplicate the choice fruits of a neighbor or acquaintance, without the uncertainties attending the sending to a distant and unknown nursery, would be a priceless boon. Many a woman has waited and wished for years for a slip from a particular Rose, when, had she understood budding, she could in a few minutes have transferred the variety to a sprout in her own yard. An old man of my acquaintance had thirteen varieties of Roses budded on one stock, and another had fifty-seven varieties of Apples on one tree.

The growing from seed, and thus obtaining new varieties of plants not generally obtained in this way, is another means of interesting amusement. Among these are Tulips, Lilies, Gladioli, Pæonies, Geraniums, etc.

The starting from seed and watching their early growth is the most costly part of growing seedling plants, and some, like Palms, owe their expensiveness to

this cause. The growing of fruits from seed affords a specially interesting field for amusement. This is not nearly so difficult as is supposed, and more than one man has cheaply purchased a widespread reputation by growing berries from seed. The seed saved from over-ripe or rotting berries can be easily kept until next spring, and then made to germinate more easily and certainly than the average Pansy seed, and every lady reader of these lines might, next summer, if she chose, have a row of seedling Strawberries across her garden that would afford her a very large amount of pleasant amusement the second year as they developed bloom and fruit, and it would be among the possibilities that some one would originate a berry of standard and lasting value, worth, perhaps, \$1000.

I have not space to specialize further, but I think I have already said enough to excite the interest of, at least, a few readers, and start them off in new and rarely trodden paths. L. B. PIERCE.

AN AUGUST MEMORY.

The sky shut down a wide, blue tent
Across our little world that day,
While, like white sails that came and went
Upon a sunflecked azure bay,
The soft clouds moved in airs of balm;
So far away all fret and din,
It seemed the waters, wide and calm,
Had girt a fairy island in.

The fragrance of the dreamful air
Was like a hint of southern shores,
As drifting idly, here and there,
We quite forgot our unstirred oars.
We passed the spot where Violets grew,
And breathed their wine-like sweetness in;
A fairer day I never knew;
I think no fairer one has been.

The Water Lilies lifted up,
To catch the wine of air and sun,
A dainty and a fragrant cup,
And they were brimming, every one;
She broke one from its slender stem,
And bade me drink the draught of youth
From chalice fairer than a gem;
A happy draught it was, in truth.

We watched a robin on her nest,
And heard a sky-lark's silver song
Somewhere above us, in the west,
While drifting dreamily along,

Past shores where Willows leaped to dip
The eddying waters, side by side,
And watched the lights and shadows slip
In changeful beauty down the tide.

We sang together as the sun
Sailed down the blue sea of the west,
Of all our songs, the sweetest one,
A little madrigal of rest.
And ever, as the pauses came,
We heard the robin singing, low,
A song whose burden was the same
As that which thrilled our heart-strings so.

And so we drifted with the day
Into the evening of the west;
The world seemed far and far away,
But love sailed with us as a guest.
And on, and on, but never back,
Into the sunset's yellow sea,
With moonlight sparkling in our track
Glad-hearted, silent, drifted we.

O, it was such a pleasant dream;
Earth seemed to us enchanted land,
As we went drifting down the stream,
And felt the touch of each dear hand.
And since that day, my heart has been
As glad as any heart can be,
For love, who steered our vessel in,
Has made his home with her and me.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

BORDER PLANTS.

Every lover of flowers who has space at his or her disposal in which to grow them, ought to have a collection of hardy border plants. I know of nothing which affords greater satisfaction to the gardener than these, considering the comparatively small amount of care required in their culture.

A bed of annuals calls for quite a deal of labor. The ground must be in proper condition every season. The seed has to be sown, there is weeding to do, and there is nothing the average amateur dislikes to do more than to get down on hands and knees and pull weeds, and in small beds this has to be done, as the hoe cannot be used advantageously among such plants. With border plants, grown in clumps, it is an easy matter to remove grass and keep the soil light and mellow about them by the use of the hoe or spade, and this attention will not have to be given more than twice or thrice during the entire season. In spring they should be attended to, and at such times after that as may be demanded by the growth of grass or weeds. If they have grown to be large plants and division is necessary it is quite as easy to remove portions of them as it is to transplant annuals and the amateur will be more likely to accomplish it successfully. And then, a border of hardy plants once established is good for years. If properly cared for they will improve from year to year. I would not be understood as disparaging annuals; not in the least. We could not get along without them. But what I mean is, that those who have but little time to devote to flower culture make a mistake in growing annuals only, thinking that they can do this easier than they can care for border plants. The saving of time and labor is all in favor of the border plants.

Have you a fence somewhere about the garden? Then plant a row of hardy plants along it and let them hide it, as they soon will. There they will be out of the way of the lawn mower, and there will be no slashing between them and the annuals and bedding plants, which you will naturally want to use near the house. Never mix the two, as some do.

The list of good border plants is extensive enough to allow of a selection to

suit different tastes. Do you want something that will grow tall, and have a dignity about them that few annuals ever attain to? Then try the Hollyhock. It is one of the finest plants we have. Nothing can exceed it in magnificence of color. Its great stalks, laden to the tips with flowers as double as any Rose, have a stately look about them that few other plants can rival. I know of no other flower so well adapted to planting in clumps where a massive effect is desired. If I could have but one hardy herbaceous plant, it should be the Hollyhock.

Another fine plant for situations where height is a consideration, is the Delphinium, or Perennial Larkspur. It grows to a height of four and five feet, if planted in good, rich soil, and sends up dozens of stout stalks, crowned with spikes of bloom of a depth and intensity of color seldom found among flowers. Our richest blue is found in the Larkspur.

Do you want something that will give you a solid mass of most brilliant color all through the latter part of summer and early fall? Then the very thing for you to get is the Perennial Phlox. It grows to a height of two and three feet, and sends up so many stalks from its strong roots that a clump will measure more across it than it will in height. It comes in all shades of crimson, pink, and some of the most beautiful varieties are pure white, and white varieties with markings of other colors in fine contrast with the prevailing color. It is of the very easiest culture. Any one who can grow any plant can be sure of success with this.

Then there are the Aquilegias, ranging through red, yellow, deep rich blue, and white, blooming quite early in the season. And the Campanulas, better known, perhaps, as the Canterbury Bell. And the Foxglove, with its long racemes of tubular flowers in white and blue. And the Pentstemon, in pink, scarlet and white, some of them beautifully spotted as a Gloxinia, and quite resembling that fine flower in shape. And—but the list need not be gone over here. If you look through the catalogues you will find out more about them than I am able to tell you in an article like this.

The culture required by these plants can be summed up in a few lines. Give

them a rich soil, and let it be made deep and mellow, and kept so. On no account allow the grass to creep up around them and starve them out, as it most surely will if left to follow out the bent of its inclination. It will not only starve them by robbing them of the nutriment in the soil, for it is a gross feeder, with its thousands of little roots, but it will strangle them, so to speak. I see plants choked to death by grass every year. Always keep the space about these plants free from weeds. But of the two, weeds do less damage than grass. Both should be promptly suppressed.

After the second year it may be neces-

sary to divide some of them. Overgrown clumps are not as healthy, and will not give as fine flowers as smaller ones will. Division can be made by cutting away portions of the roots without taking up the entire plant. If any of the roots appear to be diseased, it is well to take up the plant and cut away all but the strong and healthy roots, and put fresh soil about them when replanting.

You can raise all of these plants from seed, or you can buy young plants from the florist. Young plants, bought this spring, will give you flowers this season. If seed is sown you will not get flowers until next year. EBEN E. REXFORD.

NOTES ABOUT THE PLACE.

Russian Pears. — The most highly recommended of the Russian Pears of the BUDD-GIBB importation is Bessemianka (seedless). At the meeting of the American Pomological Society, last fall, in Boston, all who had tested these Pears agreed as to its entire hardiness, and placed Sapieganka next. Fortunately, this also is reported to be very good in quality. Both are of medium size, the trees good growers, and most are said to come early to bearing. I have some forty trees of these and other sorts from Russia and Poland. Not all are strictly iron-clad in our "test winters," in fact, Bessemianka seems to be the only one utterly untouched by 40° below zero. But Sapieganka is only slightly hurt, while several others are likely to succeed fairly well. Bessemianka is a free, upright grower; yearling trees set in the spring of 1885 being now from six to nine feet high. As Mr. GIBB had fruit on Bessemianka last year, and mine bloomed this season, it would seem that they are, as reported, early to come to bearing. Sapieganka is the reverse of Bessemianka in being a low, straggling grower, though vigorous. It is distinguished, also, by its red leaf-stalks. The leaves of most of these Pears are thick and glossy, though less so than the Chinese Pears.

North German Cherries.—In the last American Pomological Society's Report I am put down as saying of the Windsor Cherry that it is "fair quality, but small." This was not said of Windsor, but of Lieb, a small, yellow, German Cherry,

with a blushed cheek. But as the tree is not thoroughly hardy with me, being much hurt in a test winter, it has not a fair chance. The Ostheim Cherry, received from a number of sources in the west, has not yet fruited, but if it any where near reaches the size and beauty of the chromo of it which has been sent out, it should be popular. Germans tell us that Ostheim is the name of a race rather than of one variety, and the variations in the looks of my trees from different parties point that way. But after severe tests they all seem quite iron-clad. Brown Brussels and Northern Mazzard, (*Griotte du Nord*), from Professor BUDD, seem equally hardy, and all three are stocky, dwarf trees, very striking in this climate on account of this hardiness, showing no dead limbs or weak growth after the severest winter. Early Richmond will endure all but our worst winters, but rarely bears a crop, the fruit buds being less hardy than the tree. I have not yet had the opportunity to try the Vladimir family of Russian Cherries, said to be the most thoroughly iron-clad of all. These northern races are all said to be allied to the Mazzards, but quite unlike the representatives of that type in Western Europe and America, being larger, and of much better quality, some being nearly sweet when well matured.

Russian Plums.—Here is a family of Plums quite unlike anything before seen in America—short, bushy growers, early, and profuse bearers, nearly all quite iron-

clad in a minus 40° temperature. From the looks of fruit on my trees, they seem to be able to resist the curculio better than most other Plums. In quality they vary, like our own, but some are very good dessert fruit. They appeared to Professor BUDD to bear some relation to the German Prune race, but are certainly hardier. Mr. GIBB says of them, "these non-astringent, fleshy, freestone Russians have a combination of good qualities which entitle them to extensive trial in our cold country."

The Russian Mulberry.—This has been so extensively distributed by tree agents (who seem to have offered it in a very attractive way, so many have bought it at a high price,) that it is having a wide trial north of the range of our native species. Like all seedlings, these trees vary greatly, very few bearing fruit of any value, while some are far more hardy and others more vigorous growers than the majority. The one specimen I possess has stood without serious injury four hard winters, and is now a thick bush some ten feet high, having never been touched with a knife. Some of my neighbors find their specimens much less hardy and weaker growers. This accounts for the various testimony in regard to it. By selection, I have no doubt that we shall get from among them an arborescent form of at least moderate size, which will bear good fruit, and endure a range of climate at least one hundred miles north of any previously tested Mulberry.

The Siberian Apricot.—For the first time in the four years it has been planted, my Siberian Apricot has survived above the snow line, although the sprouts of last season were very rank and over four feet long. If we could have two moderate winters in succession I might get some fruit, as it bears young. All the trees

offered, like the Russian Mulberries, are seedlings, and must differ in the same way; but I think the hardiest will not endure more than 30° below, making it less hardy than the Lombard Plum. Fruit sent me from Kansas was quite good, but not larger than a medium Plum. Doubtless it can be improved in size and quality, and it certainly is more promising for experiment in the east than the old kinds, which are nowhere a success. I am sure it is a very distinct species, but very little improved from its wild form.

The Dwarf Amelanchier.—In the cold north, where the variety of iron-clad tree fruits is yet limited, any addition is acceptable. Arborescent forms of the Amelanchier are quite numerous in Northern New England. I have received four very distinct kinds from Aroostook county, Maine, and here in Vermont the wild trees vary much in the size as well as abundance of their blossoms and their fruit. But west of the Mississippi there are found dwarf, large-fruited species which bloom and bear at two or three years from seed, and make compact bushes, not larger than the Currant. The fruit of these vary, but on some they equal or exceed the size of the Cherry Currant, and are produced abundantly. This fruit is sweet and pleasant, less acid than the Blueberry or Huckleberry, and is an acceptable garden substitute therefor. It is, however, much more sought after by birds than either the Currant or the Huckleberry—in fact, they are disposed to take it all, considerably in advance of ripeness, and I fear this will prove a serious difficulty in the way of its successful culture. Still, it might pay to cover the bushes with cheap netting. Almost everybody likes the fruit, the native variety going here by the name of "sugar plum."

T. H. HOSKINS, M. D., *Newport, Vt.*

SOME SATISFACTORY PLANTS.

It was a very pleasant surprise to me, one day in the latter part of September, as I was clearing the weeds away from the Candidum Lilies, to find my *Helleborus niger* putting forth several buds. Its time of blooming being about Christmas time, hence its other name of Christmas Rose. I had never seen it in bloom.

Frost does it no harm, and it will bloom under the snow if not too weighty upon it. The plant was carefully lifted and potted, and placed in a cool chamber, where it blossomed in a few weeks, and put forth new buds. As it is said to continue a long time in bloom it may grace the holidays with its pure white blos-

soms, which are about two inches in diameter. The evergreen foliage of bright shining green is very ornamental. Why do not florists bring this too little known but very desirable plant to the notice of the general public? It is named in few catalogues. CARL ROCK, in London *Gardeners' Chronicle*, describes some varieties, chiefly choice hybrids, which originated in the Berlin Botanic Gardens, as of rare beauty and richness of color. They are pure white, white with red dots, purple spots, dark purple and rose color with carmine streaks, scarlet, crimson, rose color and yellow. The name *Helleborus niger* seems inappropriate to the pure white flowers, but it may have reference to the black roots.

About eighteen months ago I procured two Begonias that have proved to be the handsomest I have ever seen. *Rubella*, with large, deeply painted leaves of a pallid green blotched with red. Ribs red, banded with purplish-brown. The

foliage grows on long, drooping stems, directly from the center of the plant, which is branchless. They are thickly covered with hairs. It is an elegant plant for a window bracket. *Begonia Olbia* is entirely different. It has a strong stalk from which grow branches, on which are borne large, handsomely shaped leaves of a color indescribable, the varying shades are as near light brown and bronze as anything, perhaps, but what gives them an appearance unlike any other is that the veins are sunken, giving the raised portion a crape-like appearance. It has flowers of creamy white. We have never been able to decide which is the prettier of these Begonias, each having a beauty peculiarly its own.

B. manicata aurea. This is a beautiful variegated variety. Leaves large, glossy green, blotched profusely with bright yellow. *Alba picta* is very pretty with its slender leaves thickly spotted with white.

MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

MORNING.

Sweet morning, red with rosy light,
Has dawned upon our eyes;
The rays that chase away the night
Illume the eastern skies.
New blessings fall upon our heads,
New joys to us are sent,
New buds awake to greet our eyes,
New gifts to us are lent.

Last night, when sunset faded out
Along the western sky,
When, low, upon the looming hills,
We saw the red tints lie,
We hailed the south-wind's balmy kiss,
And thanked God for the gift;
This morn, we thank Him for the pearls
The tiniest leaves uplift.

Oh, even-time is sweet to those
Who walk with wearied feet;
A joy to those who spend the hours
With mirth and music meet;
But morning hath a purer breath,
More rosy hues, more beams
To paint the leaves and gem the dews,
And sparkle in the streams.

But, since from shadows of the night
The brightest rays are born,
We'll thank God for the welcome gift
Of eve, as well as morn.
With us 'twill soon be even-time;
God grant it be alight,
And usher in for us, who wait,
A morn that hath no night.

MRS. M. J. SMITH.



FOREIGN NOTES.

HARDY FLOWERS IN MASSES.

The garden presents at this season its most charming aspect, as there is from now onwards a gay succession of beauty, interesting for its delightful variety and naturalness. There are few gardens in which there is not some attempt to establish hardy plants, but it is seldom that they are grown so as to show off their true loveliness, and that is in large masses. In many of the larger rockeries, such as in the Royal Gardens, Kew, the splendid capabilities of hardy flowers for giving glowing masses of color are displayed, reminding one of their natural beauty as seen in their native homes. Small puny pieces of, for instance, such free-growing things as the dwarf Phloxes, the Aubrietias, Windflowers, and many other flowers that could be mentioned give no more idea of real beauty than a sprig of Honeysuckle does of the plant when seen clambering over hedges by the wayside. Many of the most beautiful features in the garden are the masses of hardy flowers, especially those of mossy growth that hang down over the ledges, and give brilliant patches of color. It is when seen in this way that we become enraptured with the simple beauty of al-pines, and wish that more would repeat such effects and not kill the plants with kindness, as is too often the case, under the impression that they are tender and fastidious. Aubrietias and many of the Rock Pinks need no special conditions beyond a sunny nook and plenty of space to spread at will. It is when they are constantly tampered with by dividing that the plants are hindered from making that progress that they would do if left alone, as in nature. It is, of course, impossible where the garden is small to grow many things and have large patches of each; but it is infinitely better to restrict the number, and do those well, than have a lot of weakly things that give but little pleasure. The waving masses of the Ap-pennine Windflower, Bluebells, and earlier in the year Snowdrops, Daffodils, and Crocuses at Kew were a source of the greatest delight to the visitors, simply

because they were grown as naturally as possible, peering up through the grass, as we should expect to see them in their homes on the mountain slopes, or in the valley, as the case may be. Treating our hardy flowers in this way costs but little, gives scarcely any trouble, and the pleasure derived is ten times as great to those who admire simple beauty as if only a wretched scrap were seen. In exhibiting hardy flowers it is far better to show large tufts than small bits, and this is becoming the fashion, for such we must call it, with the result that we have bolder groups of flowers, that, seen at the show, are as effective and telling as we can desire. Whatever it is, whether the tiny Rock Pink in a chink on the wall, or the Apennine Windflower in the wild garden, or the Marsh Marigold in the moist corner, let all grow as naturally as possible, and they will bloom with their wonted freedom and brilliancy. It is a pity that that class of hardy flowers—the aquatic plants—does not receive a little more favor. It is not difficult to establish what is known as a bog garden, and the specimen in the center of the Kew rockery is a good model of its kind. There the Marsh Marigolds grow like weeds, and such things as the scarlet Lobelia, a truly moisture-loving plant, *Sarcenia purpurea*, *Spiræa palmata*, &c., find conditions which by their vigorous nature they thoroughly enjoy. It is a true pleasure to see flowers under artificial conditions growing as if they were in their native homes.

The Garden.

SCENTED-LEAVED GERANIUMS.

These were at one time favorite plants, but now seem to be almost forgotten, as one may go into many gardens without finding any of them, or, at all events, only a few stunted specimens. They certainly deserve more attention than is bestowed on them at the present time, as a handful of flowers, with a few twigs of some of the scented *Pelargoniums* loosely arranged, will be far more pleasing to most people than the formal bouquet now so fashionable. The leaves of most

of them, apart from their fragrance, are prettily crisped or cut. A few very good varieties are the Nutmeg-scented, sometimes called Lady Mary; Crispum, with small, but prettily crisped leaves, having a scent like that of a lemon; Denticulatum, Radula, and Quercifolium, the black spot in the leaf of which forms a conspicuous feature. Others are Fair Helen, one of the best of the Oak-leaved class; Tomentosum, with large woolly leaves scented like peppermint; Prince of Orange, Lady Scarborough, and Pretty Polly; while the lover of variegated leaves will find Lady Plymouth suit him. Besides the above, there are a few others, forms of the old Unique, and all of them, apart from their agreeably scented leaves, have very showy flowers. One of the best of this class is Rollisson's Unique, which forms a plant of a loose, rambling habit, so that it is generally grown secured to trellis either made of wire, or a few sticks are put around the edge of the pot and tied together at the top, thus forming a cone. When a specimen like this is well clothed with foliage it is scarcely ever without blooms, and if kept in a warmer place than a greenhouse, it will flower throughout the winter. Besides this, it can be employed either as a pillar or rafter plant; but perhaps it is seen to the greatest advantage when grown in hanging baskets. Owing to its vigorous nature, it is well suited for small baskets, but it is also very useful for large conservatories, &c. The flowers are of a rich crimson-purple shade, but there are other varieties with magenta, red, and bright crimson colored flowers, while those of Unique itself are deep lilac. A word or two with regard to the cultivation of these scent-leaved Pelargoniums (especially those that were mentioned at first for the sake of their foliage) may not be out of place. If a few are planted out during the summer they grow rapidly, or, at least, most kinds do; but the leaves flag almost immediately they are cut, which is not the case with those grown in pots, and consequently these are really more useful than much larger specimens in the open ground. This is a very good time of the year to put in the cuttings, and they strike readily enough on a shelf near the glass.

H. P., in *Field*.

THE FLOWER BATTLE AT PARIS.

The following account of the Battle of Flowers, this season, is by CH. THAVS, in the *Revue Horticole*:

For several years past, in the week which precedes the grand races, a committee organizes at the Bois de Boulogne a flower festival similar to those which take place every winter at Nice.

Hitherto, bad weather had always interfered with the carrying out of the programme, and results were but fairly satisfactory. But this year, a bright sunshine has given to the festival an indescribable liveliness, and success was complete. To give you an idea of the magnitude the battle assumed it will be sufficient to say that sixty-three florists, who had erected temporary booths in the vicinity of the battle ground, sold each about one hundred bouquets, measuring, on an average, eight inches in diameter, the price of which, fixed beforehand by a sort of pool, was ten cents. To these should be added the floral ammunition brought in their carriages by the combatants themselves and a multitude of small bouquets sold at two cents by children and young girls who ran among the carriages.

The bouquet missiles were made up almost entirely of Pæonies, Roses, Snowballs, Bachelor's Buttons and white Feverfew. After a drive, in which the combatants pass in review, and during which one can admire in all their freshness the tastily decorated carriages, and of which we shall speak later on, the preliminary hostilities begin; a few Roses or Bachelor's Buttons are thrown from carriage to carriage, or from carriage to people on foot, and *vice versa*. Gradually the battle becomes more enthusiastic, Pæonies are pressed into service and huge bunches of them are hurled with vim. If any one who may be hit a little too hard should find fault, he is lost. Bing! bang! bang! bouquets rain upon him from all sides until he is forced to shield himself with the cushions of his carriage; sometimes he answers the fire and manages to come out of this dangerous pass with the honors of war.

The same flowers, the same bouquets, are thrown, picked up and thrown back twenty times. Only those which fall on the crowded sidewalks cease to be put in circulation; they go to make up the innumerable sheaves which are made

there with all the lost projectiles. Presently thousands of persons will enter Paris, triumphantly bearing their flowery harvest thus gathered.

The battle began about four o'clock and did not end until half-past seven, the ground being thickly covered with wilted and crushed flowers over a space of nearly three miles. This is not a quantity to be despised, and the little flower peddlers would be glad to see a similar battle every day.

Another interesting figure: the flower festival has netted to the charitable institution, *Caisse des Victimes du Devoir*, the sum of \$19,660.

Decorated carriages were not numerous, but the following may be mentioned: a high hansom cab entirely covered, as well as the harness of the black horse, with Roses and clusters of Bachelor's Button. A coupé invisible under Golden Feverfew. A calash and the horse arrayed in flowers of Anthemis Comtesse de Chambourd. A coupé drawn by two black horses, the whole thing, including the spokes of the wheels covered with dark red Pæonies of the same variety. A child's carriage, a light basket, drawn by a pony, invisible under a covering elegantly made up of wild flowers, Bachelor's Buttons, Daisies, &c.

The gayer these carriages and others were before the battle, the sadder they looked on their homeward journey. A few solitary flowers, bruised and wilted, hung here and there; the reason for that was that when the missiles specially provided became exhausted, the decorations themselves were used as projectiles, as much by the occupants of the carriage as by their assailants. But, we are happy to say, the battle was waged from beginning to end in the midst of general and

hearty merriment, and a feeling of companionship which sprung up among all the attendants from the very beginning, although they were from different classes of society.

Flower battles at Nice are more exclusive, but they do not generate, perhaps, as much enjoyment as prevailed in Paris at the festival of the 2d of May.

NEW HARDY PLANTS.

The plants mentioned below were exhibited at the show of the Royal Horticultural Society, in June, and the following accounts of them given by the *London Garden*:

Eulalia Japonica gracillima.—This is appropriately named, as nothing in this class of plants could be more graceful or beautiful. Its slender, narrow foliage bends over like a reed, and a vigorous specimen, isolated on a lawn or by the side of a stream in the garden, must be a delightful picture. As in the case of the well known type, it grows when well situated about five feet, spreading on all sides, as its habit is strong. We have in this a noteworthy addition to the *Eulalias*.

Cæsalpinia Japonica.—A leguminous shrub from Japan, and belonging to a genus represented in our stoves by several species. It is allowed to ramble over sticks in a fairly exposed situation, and is found quite hardy. Thus we have here a hardy shrub of the greatest value, as the pinnate foliage is as elegant as that of the False Acacia, and a charming contrast to the flowers, which are like *Celsia Arcturus* in character, about the size of a half-penny, and of the clearest yellow, the only other color being the long-branched, reddish stamens. It is a decided acquirement.



PLEASANT GOSSIP.

NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

'Tis midnight, and I sit alone
To watch the slowly fading light
Of one whose work on earth is done,
Whose day is one short summer night.

How pure, how lovely, and how frail!
Oh, why was it not made to yield
Its fragrance on the passing gale—
Its glory in the wayside field?

Why do we sit, with folded hands,
And gaze with wonder and delight,
Unless it came from sunny lands,
Where all is radiant and bright?

A spirit form made manifest
In weakness that excludes the day,
Is this, our transient, silent guest
That smiles, then droops and dies away.

Perhaps, in that delightful clime,
Where "fragrant flowers immortal bloom,"
We'll meet this gift of summer time
In all its beauty and perfume.

Sweet flower of heaven, good-bye, farewell;
And should you meet the guests I love,
Just say to them you tried to tell
How beautiful the flowers above.

MARY D. MERRIAM.

TOP BROKEN FROM LILY.

What becomes of a Lily bulb if the top is broken off while growing? Does it decay, or will it send up a flower stalk another year. My *Lilium candidum* was broken down by accident after it was budded, and I do not know what to expect of it now. Have also had a *Lilium auratum* broken off after it had made considerable growth. UNFORTUNATE.

The Lily bulbs mentioned will not be permanently injured by losing their tops. It would have been better if their growth had been completed, but the damage is not serious.

SOWING SMALL SEEDS.

The following method of sowing Celery and other small seeds is undoubtedly a good one, and especially in a dry time. It is the plan of S. D. NEWBRO, of North Lansing, Michigan, and recently published in *The Farm and Fireside*, from which journal it is taken. The method could be used to advantage in the sowing of fine flower seeds, when there is no hot-bed or cold-frame, by sowing the seeds between the laths, and not scatter-

ing broadcast as here recommended for Celery seed.

Make a frame similar to a panel of a cheap picket fence by laying down, thirty inches apart, two strips of one and a half inch board, ten or twelve feet long. On top of these nail common, sawed lath about one or one and one-fourth inches apart. Turn this frame the other side up and place it on the seed-bed. The bed should be so evenly and well made that every lath will lie flat on the earth. Sow the seed broadcast over the frame as evenly as possible. Sweep the frame with a broom all one way across the lath, and the seed, of course, will now be in the spaces between the lath. Next, sow rich, mellow earth over the frame, and sweep the same till the spaces between the lath are filled to the top of the lath. If the seed is of a kind that will not bear covering as thick as a lath, then raise first one side and then the other of the frame, and the fine, mellow earth will settle and spread somewhat under the lath. Let the frame remain till the plants appear above the lath, when it may be removed and saved for another year. It is obvious that by this plan the lath, lying flat on the ground, prevents rapid evaporation of moisture from the seed-bed, while the direction of the vapor is toward the seed or young plants.

CAMPANULA MACROSTYLA.

This Bellflower, so unlike others of its race, is a very good annual, which at present is but little known. It was introduced to garden culture some ten or twelve years since, having been brought from Asia Minor, near Mount Taurus, its natural home. The plant grows about eighteen inches high, branching freely, and producing numerous flowers of very unique form and color; the latter is a reddish purple with veins of a little deeper shade, which, running over a light ground at the lower part of the flower, are very conspicuous. The large style parts at its summit into three stigmatic divisions, making this central organ a prominent feature, which is appropriately noticed in the specific name, *macrostyla*, meaning large style.

The plants are easily raised from seed sown either in the open ground or under glass; as the seeds are quite fine they should be sowed carefully in fine, light soil, covering slightly. By committing them to heavy, cold, moist soil they would almost certainly fail to appear, but with suitable care in this re-

spect there is no particular difficulty in germinating them.

The colored plate of this month is a good representation of the flower in all respects.

AUGUST NOTES.

The present month the gardener will find plenty to do, for, though the great fight with weeds is past, they will yet make themselves troublesome unless strictly watched.

Early in the month Turnip seed can be sowed, and also Spinach, Radish and Cress for fall use. Lettuce, for late use, can be sowed any time during the month. At the last of the month it will do, at the north, to sow Spinach for spring use.

The lawn and garden should now make their best appearance, and perfect neatness should prevail.

Plants for fall and winter bloom, Chrysanthemums, Begonias, Bouvardias, Geraniums, Primroses, &c., should now receive every needed attention to keep them in vigorous growth.

Seeds of hardy annual and perennial flowering plants can be sowed in time for them to acquire sufficient size and strength to go through the winter.

Strawberry plants reset this month, at the north, will go through the winter far more securely than if planted later; below this latitude, however, they will do well set in September or even October.

The draining, plowing and digging, and other necessary operations preparatory to making new lawns should be carried on now in order to seed them down in September.

PROSPECTS OF FRUIT RAISING.

The *Country Gentleman* notes that J. H. HALE, of Connecticut, who has had wide experience in fruit raising, after speaking of the advantages of the present day—the railways, nearness to town, home markets, cheap conveyance, &c., says: "Yet with all these advantages, none of us are getting rich. Some are just making a living, others are losing money, and becoming discouraged with low prices. We hear, indeed, about the successful cultivator who produces six to eight thousand quarts of berries to the acre, and sells them for fifteen cents a quart, while nothing is said of 'the ninety

and nine just men,' who raise two thousand quarts, and sell them for five cents. But at present I advise those who are established in the business to hold on; cultivate fewer acres, give better care to what they have, and let new beginners not begin." These remarks apply to those who raise fruits for market; they can have no retarding effect on such as provide an abundant supply for their families at home.

CURCULIO AND CHINCH BUGS.

Bulletin No. 4, of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station discusses some elaborate experiments in preventing curculio injury to Cherries; and treats in a practical way the best midsummer remedies for the chinch bug, which has lately appeared in destructive numbers in Ohio. In the cherry experiment, which was conducted by the Station Entomologist, CLARENCE M. WEED, twenty-two thousand five hundred Cherries were individually cut open and examined, and the conclusion reached that three-fourths of the Cherries liable to injury by the curculio can be saved without danger to the user, by spraying with a solution of London purple soon after the blossoms fall.

This bulletin will be sent free to any one who will address, Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, Columbus, Ohio.

LYCHNIS.

Some of the varieties of *Lychnis* are very attractive. *L. Chalcedonica* grows two feet in height, and bears heads of intense scarlet flowers. There is a double variety of it. There is also a double white *Lychnis*, which is a profuse bloomer. *L. fimbriata* has double pink flowers. *L. Haageana* is of dwarf growth, with white, rose, red and vermilion colored flowers. All varieties are easily raised from seed.

M. D. WELLCOME.

GRAPE JUICE.

The juice of pressed fruit with what, in wine countries, is known as the "must" from Grapes, is the drink of all others for this season. Nothing is more beneficial than must. It revives the nerves and stimulates the brain, while the pure blood-making substances in its particles renew the wasted tissues of the body.

Medical Classics.

CRYSTALLIZED FRUITS.

The following is the prize essay on this subject, by J. J. PRATT, Superintendent of the Sutter Packing and Canning Company, read at the last meeting of the California State Board of Horticulture:

The process of preserving fruits in a crystallized or glazed form is attracting considerable attention at the present time. This process, though comparatively new in California, has been extensively operated in Southwestern France for years, the United States having been heavy importers, paying fancy prices for the product. The process is quite simple. The theory is to extract the juice from the fruit and replace it with sugar syrup which, upon hardening, preserves the fruit from decay and at the same time retains the natural shape of the fruit. All kinds of fruit are capable of being preserved under this process. Though the method is very simple there is a certain skill required that is only acquired by practice. The several successive steps in the process are about as follows: First, the same care in selecting and grading the fruit should be taken as for canning; that is, the fruit should be all of one size and as near the same ripeness as possible. The exact degree of ripeness is of great importance, which is at that stage when fruit is best for canning. Peaches, Pears, etc., are pared and cut in halves as for canning; Plums, Cherries, etc., are pitted. The fruit having thus been carefully prepared is then put in a basket or bucket with a perforated bottom and immersed in boiling water. The object of this is to dilute and extract the juice of the fruit. The length of time the fruit is immersed is the most important part of the process. If left too long it is overcooked and becomes soft; if not immersed long enough the juice is not sufficiently extracted, which prevents a perfect absorption of the sugar. After the fruit has been thus scalded and allowed to cool, it can again be assorted as to softness. The next step is the syrup, which is made of white sugar and water. The softer the fruit, the heavier the syrup required. Ordinarily about 70° Balling's saccharometer is about the proper weight for the syrup. The fruit is then placed in earthen pans and covered with syrup, where it is left to remain about a week. The sugar enters the fruit and displaces

what juice remained after the scalding process. The fruit now requires careful watching, as fermentation will soon take place, and when this has reached a certain stage the fruit and syrup is heated to a boiling degree, which checks the fermentation. This heating process should be repeated as often as necessary for about six weeks. The fruit is then taken out of the syrup and washed in clean water and is then ready to be either glazed or crystallized, as the operator may wish. If glazed, the fruit is dipped in thick sugar syrup and left to harden quickly in open air. If it is to be crystallized, dip in the same kind of syrup, but is made to cool and harden slowly, thus causing the sugar which covers the fruit to crystallize. The fruit is now ready for boxing and shipping. Fruit thus prepared will keep in any climate and stand transportation.

DISEASE GERMS.

A timely article in the July *Century* is "Disease Germs and how to Combat Them." It is accompanied by a frontispiece portrait of PASTEUR, who has made disinfection and fermentation a longer study than hydrophobia, although it is with the latter that his name is more intimately associated in the public mind.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

The Fair of the New York State Agricultural Society will be held at Elmira, from the 14th to the 22d of September, inclusive. List of prizes and regulations can be obtained from the Secretary, J. S. WOODWARD, State Agricultural Rooms, Albany, N. Y.

GOLDEN FAIRY.

Such is the name of a seedling Polyantha Rose raised by Mr. BENNETT, of England. The flowers are quite small, but of exquisite form. The color is described as a deep apricot, with the outer petals white.

STRAWBERRIES.

The Ontario, Jersey Queen, Lida and Jewell Strawberries are mentioned as proving to be superior to most other varieties.

PARIS LETTER.



CUPID'S VASE.

Go where you will, the Marguerite, or Gretchen Flower, greets the eye. The Bois is full of these flowers, to be had for the gathering. The flower women tie them up with Corn Flower and Coquelicots, a kind of Poppy, and sell so cheaply that one buys, and does not regret carrying, the ungainly looking bouquet, for the flowers last so long and require no care. The florist seeks a more fashionable and graceful manner of introducing this flower to public notice.

Marguerite is the queen flower during May and June, and hence each seeks to do it honor in baskets, vases and sprays, more or less ornamented with ribbon and lace.

LABROSSE, the celebrated florist of the Grand Boulevard, near the Grand Hotel, who is ever most liberal in employing artists to furnish floral designs, has in his window a vase of bronze, as here shown, called Cupid's Vase. The Love Vase, as many are pleased to term it, is most exquisitely molded and carved. The Cupids seem to stand out in bold relief. The Marguerites are yellow, large and golden, contrasting well with the bronze tint of vase.

WORTH, the celebrated man dress maker, has set the fashion of yellow this season, ordering from the manufacturer quantities of silk, satin, tulle and ribbon of the exact tint of Buttercups.

Hence, yellow being the mode in dress, flowers take the same fashion in color, and the commonest, smallest, tiniest flower, if it can show a tinge of yellow, need not blush unseen, but is in danger of being culled and admired.

Pleasure may become pain if it consist of sight-seeing or eye-feasting in shops up and

down the avenues and boulevards, where every possible conception of toilet, or caprice of fancy is exhibited.

A journalist, who goes to his desk in the editorial room at seven o'clock in the evening, leaving it for his hotel at four o'clock in the morning, exclaimed: "I left the flitting, varying scene of faces in the evening upon the boulevard, to find the same shifting scene in the morning, more restless, if less animated, and I asked 'Does Paris ever sleep?'" Alas, no. London has its season, commencing in May and ending in July. Paris is always in season, always animated and gay, and never deserted. Old Parisians leave reluctantly, in June, for fifteen days at Vichy, Carlsbad or Baden-Baden, returning with fresh loyalty to their adored Bois and Champs Elysées.

Maying did not consist in taking family and little ones to the country with baskets of dainties, basking in the sunshine, gathering Marguerites or Daisies—it did mean wandering up and down the accustomed promenades with no fixed intentions in the morning of what the day might bring forth, peeping into the salon of pictures, where the heat was so great it was impossible to remain longer than a half hour.

Ventilation is unknown in France, and the heat of the gas and perfume of flowers is too exhausting to induce any one to venture inside a theater in summer, but the café concerts, with their gaily lighted and floral gardens are thronged.

I was at the yearly flower show in the grounds behind the Palais de l'Industrie. The show of Roses was greater than that of last year, but one suspiciously felt that some old favorites had undergone christening by new names; they bent their heads from heat, but in no manner confirmed the suspicion. One variety which attracted considerable notice was called, *Ma Capucine*. It had very small leaves, and very large but single flowers, like the Sweet Briar, but of an orange pink color. Roses and Orchids were arranged in bouquets, but did not blend, and looked ill at ease. Hanging baskets, in or on which Orchids had been trained to grow, formed the novel feature of the exhibition. Mounds, or a raised hill or bank of yellow and white Marguerites reigned in several conspicuous places.

The Gloxinias were magnificent, but

the finest Rhododendrons and Clematis had English names, such as William E. Gladstone and Princess Beatrice, and a novel feature was a bed of insectivorous plants, exhibited by an English gardener, who explained to the curious crowds that he planted them around flowers and vegetables upon which winged insects loved to prey. There was a fairy China Rose hidden in a corner, called Red Pet, and many gentlemen were willing to wear it away in their button-hole.

A friend has described by letter a flower sermon, given at St. Katherine Free Church, London. Its success was so great that the popularity of such sermons will be on the increase during next year's Lenten season. Ladies and children wore bouquets or bunches of posies, and the gentlemen had large bouquets pinned to their coat lappel. Rev. Dr. WHITTIMORE, D. D., preached from the 13th verse of the second chapter of Solomon's Song, "The vines are in blossom." With a delicate simplicity of language he spoke to the little children, describing the vine and its habits, and the lessons to be learned from the life and conduct of plants. The sermon finished, ladies of all ages crowded to the communion rails with pots of choice flowers. They were received by the clergymen with smiles; the broad metal plates were carried round by the gentlemen, and gold and silver coin chinked a cheering accompaniment to the music of the grand old organ.

Large sprays of purple Hyacinths tied with delicate lilac ribbon are carried as nosegays. There are not many novelties in table decorations. Fans and harps in Violets and yellow Daisies, loud in contrast, but a novel combination of colors. Initials or monograms of bride and bridegroom, made of Orange flowers, and laid upon the center table, are the latest bridal floral gifts. An immense basket of wild flowers tied with the national colors is much admired, and displayed with pride by a flower girl as destined for General BOULANGER, and who, by the way, is a great admirer of Carnations, and has the heads of his horses decorated with them, and generally wears one in his button-hole, of a most delicate pink tint. Florists sell the ordinary pink Carnations as Boulanger Carnations.

The flower merchants along the Quai

put their plants upon the ground, forming a mosaic floral carpet composed of the velvety redolent Giroflé, the large double Pensée, with Fern leaves and other green plants forming a background.

Violets from the woods of St. Cloud and forest of Fontainblau adorn the cut-glass dish in which are found delicate small Strawberries. They are the announced favorite flower of the Emperor of Germany, both he and his father have favored purple flowers, the Corn Flower and the Violet.

Peaches, four in a row, laid in cotton, yellow and golden Plums, red Raspberries in baskets large enough for bonbons greet the eye of epicures, who do not inquire whence they came, but bid them a welcome "*bonne bouche*" to their tables, where quality is demanded and not quantity.

Americans throng at the American Cirque, where fine (tiger spotted) thorough bred horses are presented by Monsieur LOYAL, a sight worth witnessing. The equestrian performance of a wolf is most laughable, as he jumps through a hoop and rides bare back, but is well muzzled. His encounter with a thorough bred dog amuses the little ones, who have been taught to associate Mr. Wolf with Red Riding Hood lore, and seems rather disappointed that grandmamma isn't eaten up and he killed by papa. It, too, might arrange the *belle-mère* question to Parisian satisfaction.

A London florist has four large pictures by MORULES, 1640, in his shop, which attract much attention. The heads and figures are made of fruit and flowers; for example, the nose is made of a Pear, which looks exactly as if painted from that feature, the cheeks rosy Apples, the ear the half of a Peach with split kernel forming the interior of the ear, the collar of sheaves of golden Wheat, the coat of flowers, and so on until each feature is represented. At first glance the ensemble of the pictures is not at all clumsy, but remarkable for a blunt and quaint appearance, and it is only upon close examination one perceives they have been painted from the artist's fruitful conception. VILMORIN, of Paris, the first and most reliable of Paris seedsmen, has many fine water colors of all the new named flowers of the season, made by the best of artists at an enor-

mous expense, so the recipient of a lithographic cut will have a joy forever in preserving it.

Strange fancies of flowers have our illustrious men and women; exclusive and loyal are they in their love to the floral beauty worn or gaily preserved in vase or dish.

Calling at the office of L. A. FOWLER, American Phrenologist, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E. C., London, as Americans interested upon the subject of phrenology are wont to do, I was ushered into a trim looking office, with every nook and corner rendered enchanting by little vases of flowers; upon the mantel was a delicate cut glass vase containing five immense Pensées, signifying thought in French. As he entered the room, I remarked, I cannot read your thoughts which you have placed so openly for all to read, but you can mine. Try it.

Smilingly, said he, are you like many who fail to interpret correctly the science of phrenology? And without waiting for my answer, commenced by telling me of my capacity to meet the requirements of life successfully in the vocation I pursue, adding words of encouragement which made sunshine enough in my life in a cloudy, foggy day in London to rush to impart it to every home-sick American; and for a relief to a doubting mind, I can only say go to this charming little gem of an office, and as he has been away from America twenty-five years, the best compliment that can be paid him is that he loves it with true devotion, and in saying *au revoir*, not adieu, he gave me a *Pensée* with this golden thought of him, that he was (or had been) "twenty-five years in America, to leave it with ten thousand friends and not a single foe." So I venture to say his favorite flower is a Pansy.

Ex-Mayor HALL has invariably a large bunch of Mignonette and Marguerites upon his writing table piled high with dusty manuscripts and poems, for he is London's literary lion, and keeps open doors to American writers and old time friends, he has so many. When asked, do you prefer these to all other flowers? "No," said he, "I have no floral preference, but love all nature's garlands, whether in silent thought expressed in God's messengers, flowers, that speak in perfume, or in golden thought in flowery

language culled from memory's garden of inspiration."

The London flower girl is a beggarly specimen of humanity, who sells her flowers and thrusts her sad and ragged condition before you until the bouquet becomes impregnated with her memory.

The German flower-woman adds beer to her flower-stand. I dare say she would be practical enough to put *sour-kraut*, if space were admissable. The children are the flower-sellers. They run after the passer-by, hanging upon the very skirts of your dress, insisting upon the purchase of their clumsily formed bouquets, and often throw them in the very carriage, hanging upon the doors, begging, whining and insisting upon payment.

The French flower girl makes a respectable business of it. She is trim and neat, smiles a *merci*, and wishes you good luck and a good day, besides, her flowers are fresh, and prettily tied nose-gays, and her empty basket or cart at four o'clock in the day proves that no flower in her collection wasted its sweetness on the desert air.

I intend telling in my next letter of the immense popularity and uses of the *Pensée*, more particularly the English specimens, which, until latterly, have been regarded in France and England as exclusive property of the dead, used principally for burial wreaths, and they are too beautiful to be confined to the tomb, too decorative, besides they are of the purple color. All royalty claim sovereignty to that tint.

Floral vests of Gretchen Flower make a beautiful addition to the plainest home made dress, and the wearer can wear her thoughts in floral garniture without fear of a neighbor's imitation.

ADA LOFTUS:

SUMMER NOTES.

You never told anything truer than when you told your readers that Roses will not do their best the first season, and that they need care and attention to carry the tender ones through the winter. Old as I am, and well as I know how it should be done, half the time many go under. My plan to get the finest Roses quickly, is to bud on strong, hardy stocks. Bud pretty high, so that the stem can be bent down, and cover the

top in winter. The finest Marechal Niel Rose I ever saw was budded on a strong stock; it grew out and spread itself on the ground, was covered in the fall, and the following year there was a square yard of the finest yellow carpet one could imagine.

In May, of this season, my Star of Lyons, a bud on a common variety, had at one time sixteen full blown flowers that were a sight. I lost my Perle des Jardins again; must get another next spring.

The Tulips got of you last fall were the glory of my garden during their blooming. But the Hyacinths and Crocuses failed to make their appearance; was it the severe freezing when the ground was bare? [Undoubtedly. — Ed.] I was abroad, and did not have them covered with mulch.

The prospect for a full crop of fruit here is good. S. MILLER, *Bluffton, Mo.*

SWEET WILLIAMS.

For several years I have had a fine variety of these hardy perennials. They multiply from year to year without any care whatever, growing chiefly, it may be, from self-sown seed. It is the same with Foxgloves; I never sow seeds. There are many new plants springing up every autumn, and I have only to transplant them to the places where I wish them to grow. For one who can devote but little attention to the flower garden, there is nothing like having lots of perennials and hardy bulbs. M. D. W.

BRIGHTON GRAPE.

Having an extensive knowledge of grape-growing in Western New York, we know of no vineyard where the Brighton Grape is successfully raised. Occasionally an instance is given of a vine, or a few vines, producing well, but as a rule there are but a few scattered berries to each bunch. A neighbor, who has the vines planted alternately in the row with the Concord, trains an arm of the Concord vine over an arm of the Brighton, and from these vines receives a fair amount of fruit with some full clusters. The opinion is held that the pollen of the Concord fertilizes the Brighton, and in accordance with this idea another neighbor has, this spring, grafted every other one of his Brightons with Concord.

PRESERVING FRUIT IN WINTER.

In illustration of the winter storage of fruits, a subject of eager investigation at this time by fruit-growers, we here present some extracts and engravings from the Bulletin of May, of this year, prepared by Professor ROBERTS, and issued by the Agricultural Experiment Station at Cornell University. The engravings represent the method in which a dairy house has been constructed on the University farm. The plan and details are published by the Station "with the hope that some ideas

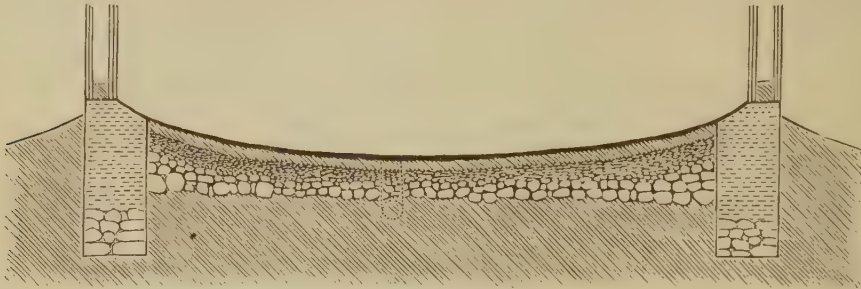


FIG. 1.—FOUNDATION.

that may be of value to dairy farmers of the State can be gained from them, and that they may also be of use to those who wish to construct buildings for the storage of fruit, or dwelling houses in cold, windy localities.

"Durability, convenience for work, and a cheap wall capable of excluding cold, heat and moisture were made prominent features in its construction. The foundation walls, laid below frost, were built by the farm hands out of small refuse stone and brickbats, water-lime and sand.

"Planks were used to sustain the grout until the mortar was sufficiently hard to

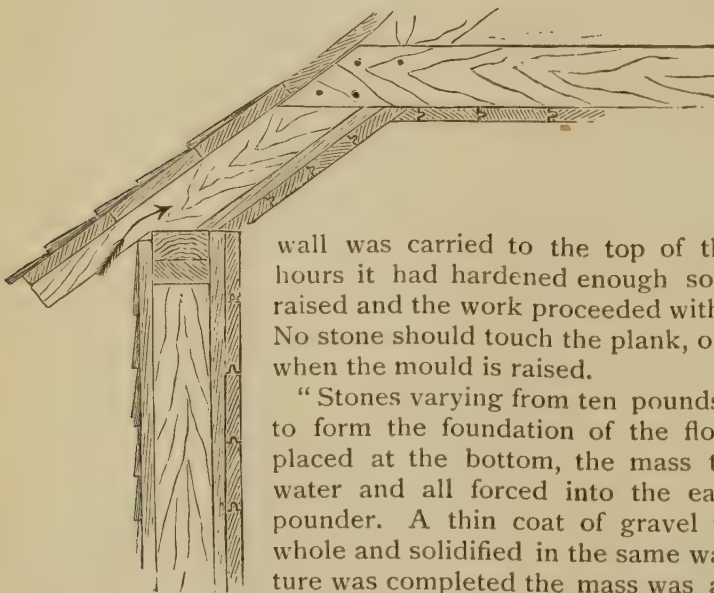


FIG. 2.—VERTICAL SECTION
OF WALL AND ROOF.

bind the mass together. The stones were placed in the mould about six inches deep, when thin mortar was poured upon them, then another layer of stone and more mortar, and so on till the

wall was carried to the top of the planks. In about three hours it had hardened enough so that the mould could be raised and the work proceeded with without injury to the wall. No stone should touch the plank, or the wall will be disturbed when the mould is raised.

"Stones varying from ten pounds to five ounces were used to form the foundation of the floor; the larger stones were placed at the bottom, the mass thoroughly saturated with water and all forced into the earth with a heavy wooden pounder. A thin coat of gravel was next spread over the whole and solidified in the same way. When the superstructure was completed the mass was again wet and treated with a coat of thin mortar composed of four parts of sand and one of water-lime, and this solidified as above. When sufficiently hard to sustain the workmen, the whole was covered with a

coat three-quarters of an inch thick made of three parts sand and one of Rosendale cement. Akron cement is better than water-lime and equally as good as Rosendale. After about twenty-four hours the floor was sprinkled with water, and also whenever thereafter it had the appearance of drying too rapidly. The floor appears to depart too much from a straight line; but a long use of the building shows that this is the best form. Racks placed near the walls form level shelves upon which to place cans and pails. The descent from end to end of the building is about six

inches. It is found in practice that the labor of keeping the floor clean is very much diminished by the rapid descent.

"A six-inch vitrified sewer pipe is placed at the lowest point, (Fig 1,) which carries all water a few feet across a road, where it is used for irrigating a garden. The pipe has a metal cover, has no trap, and is easily swabbed out and steamed.

"The sills are four by four, the plates are two by four doubled, and the studding two by four, fourteen feet long, placed sixteen inches apart, forming a story and

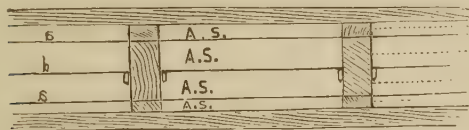



FIG. 3.—HORIZONTAL SECTION OF WALL. *a*, *b*, *a*, paper partitions. A. S. indicate air spaces.

three-quarter building. The wall has four dead-air spaces, formed by three divisions of paper placed perpendicularly, and the outside and inside boarding.

"To construct the paper partitions (*b*, Fig. 3,) between the studding, strong building paper was cut to half width and bent thus  and secured by nailing common lath to the studs. To form the outside and inside divisions, (*a*, *a*, Fig. 3) paper full width, reaching from top of plate to bottom of sill, and lapped on alternate studs was secured by nailing strips one by two inches to the faces of the studding. The rafters are so framed that the air can pass freely upwards between the roof boards and the ceiling of the upper room (see arrow, Fig. 2), and out at the extreme gable ends through a latticed window, not shown in diagram. By this simple contrivance a current of air is kept constantly passing beneath the roof boards, which keeps the upper room cool in summer, but not warm enough in winter to prevent freezing, unless there is a fire in the lower room. In dwelling houses, this space should be closed by notching the frieze board around the rafters and extending it upward till it meets the lower side of the roof board. The windows should be either double or double-glazed. The partition and door dividing the work room from the cold room is constructed the same as the outside walls. The joists of the second floor are covered with heavy paper on the bottom and top before the ceiling and floor are laid. The inside of all the rooms are

covered with matched Georgia Pine and treated with two coats of hard oil.

"The cold room has been tested and found entirely satisfactory, not only for dairy purposes, but for keeping Apples and Grapes.

"In very cold localities the walls for fruit houses should be made thicker than shown, by using studding six or eight inches wide, so that the two inside air spaces may contain a greater amount of confined air."

Only the figures that serve to show the construction are here reproduced, and all are made on the scale of three-fourths of an inch to one foot.

HORTICULTURAL GATHERING.

The first meeting of the season of the Chautauqua Horticultural Society was held Saturday, June 23d, at DUNCAN'S Lake Shore Vineyards, North East, Pa. Three hundred people were present, and a lively interest showed in fruit matters. The farm, or fruit garden, with the foregoing name, has one hundred and ten acres, very handsomely situated on gently rolling upland and lying on both sides of the highway. There is a large Catawba vineyard of considerable age. A great part is comparatively new vineyard. One hundred acres are planted to vines, eighty acres now in bearing. The varieties are twenty acres Catawba, four acres Delaware, three acres Ives, the balance Concord. The yield last season was one hundred tons, which sold for \$6,000. When this vineyard shall have reached full maturity, and with the improved modern [methods of trellising and thorough tillage made possible, and, in fact, easy by the improved cultivators of today, it is safe to say the yield of last season will be trebled, if not increased four-fold. Mr. DUNCAN, the proprietor, is a very enthusiastic horticulturist, owning another large vineyard in the town.

In the discussion considerable was said as to the cause of the loss of vines set in the spring of 1887, on the premises of Mr. DRAKE. These vines received excellent care, and made a large growth, but were badly killed during the winter. Two theories were advanced, one that it was due to the land overflowing with water and subsequently freezing, the other that it was due to excessive use of fertilizers rich in nitrogen, inducing a

rank growth deficient in woody fiber and not hardy enough to endure the winter.

Very great trouble has been experienced the past spring, in this region, by reason of the cut-worm, and Messrs. RYCKMAN and SCHOENFELD said if we would be rid of the cut-worm we must protect the skunks, their natural enemy and destroyer. It was pronounced a shame that small boys are allowed to roam the fields, gun in hand, to shoot useful animals.

Mr. RYCKMAN said the prospect for a large crop of Grapes, this season, was good. He said there were Concords set for a yield of six to eight tons per acre.

A splendid dinner was served, the North East Band furnishing music. The afternoon exercises were enlivened by fine singing by a Glee Club, two of the selections being "Don't Sell the Farm," and "Hail to the Farmer."

This June 23d, fields of Clover are cut and in the barn, Grapes most varieties in full blossom, Barley, of which large fields are raised hereabouts, is very short owing to dry weather. Peaches are a good crop, whereas, in Chautauqua county they are a failure. It is found that in these dry seasons late planted Potatoes sometimes do best, and we saw large fields just coming up.

Mr. CALVIN LEET exhibited a superb plate of Jessie Strawberries, also Cumberland. The former attracted much attention, being nearly the size of the Sharpless, and no white tips.

S. S. CRISSEY.

OUR NATIONAL FLOWERS.

Some one has named the Trailing Arbutus as our national flower, and to this the *American Florist* objects, on the ground that it is not common to all parts of the country, and at the same time nominates the Pansy for the position. The objection made to the Arbutus, and which is valid, has still greater force

against the Pansy, which is common to no part of the country, but is a garden variety of a European plant.

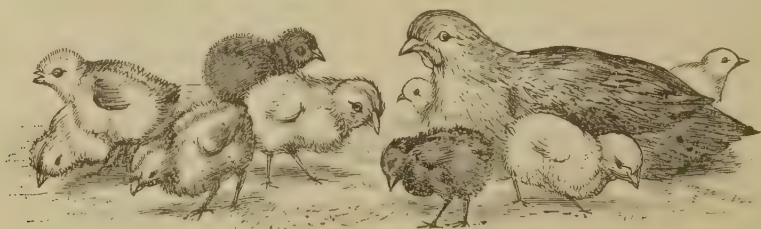
Our own preference on this point was made known several years since, in these pages, when writing of Golden Rods and Asters, in the following words:

"After midsummer, in this country, our rural landscape is everywhere brightened by the Golden Rods and Asters; they form a distinct and beautiful feature of the scenery. The eyes of our countrymen are everywhere gladdened by their smiles, north and south, east and west, on the hills and the mountain sides, in the valleys and on the broad prairies, by the roadsides and the streams, and in the fields and copses they stand as tokens of the genial heat that brings from the soil the golden grains and the beautiful, luscious fruits. *No other country in the world is thus characterized; these plants belong to America, and as such should be our pride and delight.*"

* * * * *

"While, on this continent, there are from sixty to seventy species, and perhaps more, of the Solidagos, or Golden Rods, and nearly all of them of vigorous habit, growing from a foot to eight feet in height, all the world besides affords less than a dozen, and these, for the most part, of small size, and confined to few localities of limited area, and always in such small numbers as to make them rare plants.

"The species of Asters, in this country, are still more numerous than those of the Golden Rod. Both are the children of the sun, basking in his favors and reflecting his smiles. Although many indigenous species of flowers are peculiar to this country, yet none so abound and apparently claim possession as these. *And grouped together they might appropriately be taken as our national flowers, emblems of endurance, vigor, light and freedom.*"



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A SECOND-HAND STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"No, Agnes, dear, I do not approve of lap-dogs. I never saw but one which interested me as such. They usually absorb care and attention—not to say money—that should be given to some higher interest, while the occasional sacrifice of life from their rabid tendencies is a bitter penalty.

"There are childless women who should feel self-condemned for pampering and petting lap-dogs, when so many human waifs go uncared for, except as public charity picks them up. A woman whose care of a homeless child finally develops a worthy member of society does a noble work for both time and eternity. Moreover, she is likely to be fully repaid by grateful help and genuine love in return, at a time when such love and help come to be most valued.

"If there are exceptions to this result, so there are to every worthy effort in life. We must not, therefore, cease trying to do good. Place such a woman beside one who has spent her time, care and silly endearments upon a dog, and how do they compare?"

"O, auntie, how strongly you put it."

"Not at all. I've referred to the two cases in the simplest language possible. It is only that the latter case will not bear comparison with the former. Although you are too young, my dear, to assume grave responsibilities, you are *not* too young to form correct ideas for future guidance."

"I suppose not, for already I feel differently about lap-dogs for pets. But they are such cunning little things."

"Yes, and so are birds, squirrels and rabbits; even little pigs, clean and white, are very cunning."

"So they are; but, auntie, if lap-dogs were not intended for special pets, pray tell me for what they were created."

"I can no more tell you that than I can tell you for what rats, moles and mosquitoes were created, in common with various other annoying animals and in-

sects. But I can tell you this—they were all of them created to take care of themselves. It is only when their native habits are interfered with that they cannot do this. Of course, when man domesticates animals for his use or pleasure, he must take care of them. But, however persistently certain people may continue to make pets of useless dogs, you may always feel sure that the Deity never made a four-legged creature for a woman's lap. He never made a *lap-dog*. Now we'll change the subject."

"Not yet, auntie, please. I can't forget the one lap-dog that interested you 'as such.' Will you not tell me about it?"

"That was a slip of the tongue, dear. I was much more interested in its young owner. If I were to tell you her story I should have to condense it and spoil it, for the carriage will soon be here."

"Never mind that—I'm story-hungry and can't wait."

"Well, we met on a lake steamer, and it was her dog that led the way to her telling me her history, one day, when we were sitting on deck quite apart from the rest, she on a low seat with her dot of a dog at her feet. She was occupied, as usual, with her double-hemstitching of yards and yards of ruffings, made of the sheerest of Irish linen cambric. She said it was for her sister's child, which child was the only being in the world in whose veins ran a drop of their blood—hers and her sisters—and that nothing seemed too precious for it.

"As we sat there, idly chatting, or dreamily listening to the swash of the water and the labored chug and grind of engine and gearing, she finally dropped her work in her lap, and, bowing her head, covered her eyes with her hand. Her dog, always on the alert, instantly sprang into her lap, and putting a paw upon either cheek, began crying most piteously. As soon as she raised her hand a little and smiled, he jumped down and frolicked as though over-joyed.

" 'Ditto thought I was crying,' she said.

"One would suppose," I remarked, "that so young a person as you seem to be, could never have cried enough for him to know what it means.

" 'I've cried oceans of tears,' she responded, quietly, 'but I never shall again—no matter what may happen. I am only twenty, and have been married two years. But my troubles commenced when a child—mine and my sister's. I have had Ditto three years, he crossed the ocean and back with me, or I think I could part with him now, for I've seen so much silliness exhibited by the owners of lap-dogs that I dislike to have the credit of possessing one. I have tried giving him away, but he pines and will not eat and is soon returned to me to save his life. You see he is a dog of one idea,' she laughed, 'his sole interest being centered in me.'

"May I not know more of your history, I inquired. Your remarks have inspired a deep interest.

" 'Yes, you may,' she replied, 'because I think you are one to appreciate it. Our parents died of yellow fever, in the south, when I was too young to realize my loss, though I well remember the shock and sorrow of it. Our father's brother, the only relative left us, was there, and with his strong arms about me, I remember of feeling so sheltered and safe on his broad chest, as he rocked and soothed me or carried me about, that I felt I could be comforted if only my sister would stop weeping and sobbing, for I was sure she knew just how much need there was for crying, and just how long it should be continued. The poor girl being older, appreciated more, and was nearly heart-broken.

" 'In a few days afterward we found ourselves, with our black nurse and white governess, established in our uncle's bachelor house. He was very fond of us, often saying that we were all he had left in the world, and that we were to be his own precious daughters. Thus two years glided happily away, when, one day, he returned from an autumn hunt with a sore throat and cough. His party had camped out, and there had been a drenching rain.

" 'As the days passed by he seemed surprised that his cough got no better and that his sore throat had lapsed into

a settled hoarseness. One day, he said, 'Girls, why don't you charm this trouble away. I never was sick, and I don't know what it means.' Then my sister bustled around and made a hot lemonade, and ordered a foot-bath, as she'd seen our mother do, after which she coaxed him to bed and rubbed his throat and chest with some irritating mixture, while I tucked up his feet and limbs, he joking the while about us two little mid-gets trying to make him think he was sick.

" 'But he grew no better, and our governess said he ought to have a physician, for sometimes quick consumption and bronchitis began in that way. So we hurried to tell him what she said, and at first he laughed at the idea of having a doctor; but when we had told him all, was silent a minute, and then said, slowly, as though talking to himself, 'Quick consumption! if there is any chance for that I've got it already.' Jucco, his body servant, soon had a doctor on hand, who examined his chest a long time, and then scolded everybody, black and white, because he had not been sent for sooner.

" 'By this time sister and I were actually terrified lest we were about to lose our last remaining relative and protector. Fleeing to our old nurse and governess, our cries and lamentations could not be restrained until they reminded us that we might be of great comfort to our uncle by being bright and cheery in his presence, and that unless we could be so, we could not be allowed in his room—now, when he would be so lonely without us. With such incentive for cheerfulness we soon repressed all outward signs of grief, and bathing our faces, hastened softly to his room. As we approached the open door we saw him throw up his arms and turn over to the wall, exclaiming:

" 'I don't want to die! O, I don't want to die!

" 'That was enough; we turned and silently fled, lest our bursting hearts should cry out in his hearing. With arms clasped about each other, we were suddenly conscious of a new feeling—our own trouble was eclipsed by sorrow for our uncle; we were so sorry, sorry for him—he did not want to die—oh, if we could only save him for that; we quite forgot ourselves in our pity for the great,

strong man so suddenly stricken down, for the generous, loving heart that wanted to live, to live for us, we very well knew, more than for any other reason. Suddenly sister sprang up, exclaiming:

"Think how awful he is feeling, in there alone, and we not one bit of comfort to him. Hurry, let's get a lot of flowers and toss them all over him, and just make ourselves laugh—we must—and we must never cry any more, never."

"But, alas, though we kept up bravely through the day, we cried ourselves to sleep each night."

"But, Agnes, dear," said auntie, "I am making this story too long, and how am I to help it when relating the sorrows, the anxieties of those young girls, their actual suffering and struggles for self-control, as they saw their last earthly friend slipping away from them? But I've no power to give it the pathos of the narrator, whose experience it was. Her words were pathetic as sobs."

"Go on, auntie, do. I'm glad you can't 'condense.'"

"I am condensing—have omitted many points of interest. But to resume: 'To our great alarm,' continued the narrator, 'a lawyer came, one day, and we were excluded from the room. His coming seemed to confirm our dreariest fears, and we shuddered at sight of his figure as he left the house. For a long time I associated lawyers and undertakers together in my mind."

"But a short time afterward our uncle had a talk with us that gave us more rational ideas of death than we had ever had before, and relieved our minds of the great sorrow we had felt for him personally, thinking that he dreaded death. He told us that at first he had felt unwilling to die, but that the conflict of feeling was ended in twenty-four hours thereafter, all his will and desire having yielded in submission to the Divine will. My mother,' he said, 'your father's mother, was a praying christian. She used to tell us boys that she should pray us into heaven, that howsoever far we might try to stray, we'd find there were cords holding us, drawing us back into the right way. I feel now that my mother's prayers have been answered in my behalf, so that I have been brought low down, where that serene peace is found which assures and strengthens the timid

soul, and removes all desire to live—all dread of the coming change, for change it only is, it is not death. It is a change from pain and decay to health and life."

"That part of me," he said, "which talks to you now, which loves you, which plans for your future welfare, will meet you and talk to you in a higher life. We shall surely meet again and know each other there."

"Thus he talked at different times, so peacefully, even cheerily, that we ceased to sorrow for him, and once more grieved only for ourselves, for our coming loss. And swiftly the end came. Toward the last he failed rapidly, and in three months from the time of the hunting party, the stalwart, broad-chested man was borne from our sight."

"Our grief was uncontrollable. It was in vain that any one tried to console us. *He* could not hear our lamentations now, we thought, and the forlorn consciousness that now we had no home—no home, added to our misery. It was useless that our governess assured us that she had promised our uncle to remain with us in the family of our newly appointed guardian, whose home would be ours for the future. We could see no ray of comfort in anything. I no longer needed to gauge my tears by my sister's, they flowed only too freely and would not be suppressed."

"Our first entrance into the new abode was uncourteously marked by a flood of tears and utter inability to eat. That night, as we lay sobbing, my sister suddenly said, 'What if uncle knows how we are doing—how it would trouble him!' That thought silenced us and dried our tears. We would be quiet for his sake."

"But, Agnes, dear," said auntie, "there is the carriage come for me now. I'll finish this narrative another time."

MARIA BARRETT BUTLER.

CUT THE FLOWERS.

If you have raised a bed or a garden of flowers, do not be afraid to cut them, and be sure to give them to those who will appreciate them. To last longest the flowers should be cut when they commence to expand and in the coolness of the early morning. They will carry comfort and hope and brighten the hours of the confined invalid.



WHY?

O, tell me why the flowers were made,
And dyed with rainbow hue ;
Fashioned with the fairest grace,
And bathed in evening dew.

Blooming in valley, green and bright,
And on the mountain high,
And even in the wilderness,
Where no one passes by,

Our daily life requires them not—
Our Father gave them birth
To bring delight and joy to man,
And beautify the earth ;

To whisper hope, and comfort him
Whene'er his faith grows dim ,
For He who careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

L. M. GRAY.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

PROFITS OF FRUIT-RAISING.

At different times we have called the attention of our readers to the extravagant statements that are frequently made in regard to the profits of fruit-raising. Such statements are constantly being made without the least regard to truth or the possible results of falsehood of this character. Sometimes the stories are made by newspaper reporters who desire to create a sensation or to appear to have some secret which they can divulge; and sometimes there is no question that they are concocted by dealers in trees, and parties interested in raising fruit trees, vines and plants for sale. A late item which has been set afloat, and which is published without note or comment in agricultural papers and fruit journals, is the following:

"Farmers who have orchards are realizing more profit from the investment, with less work, than all other work put together. One Wyoming county farmer who put out one thousand Apple, Pear and Plum trees (five hundred Apple and two hundred and fifty each of Pear and Plum,) five years ago, sold \$5,200 in fruit from this orchard alone, last season."

Now, any one having a knowledge of the fruit business in this State knows positively that the statement here made of the amount received from the sales of the orchard above mentioned is false, and that it is so far from the truth that the writer of it either has intended to deceive or he is too fresh to be allowed to go at large much more to write for the public press. As the Apple trees cannot yet be in bearing, the whole sum must have been received from the five hundred Pear and Plum trees, which is more than ten dollars from each tree; or, looking at it in regard to the space the trees occupied, if they were set at eighteen feet apart each way, the distance most frequently adopted, they would occupy less than four acres of ground, and then we have the astounding statement that they produced \$1,300 per acre, and more.

Fishermen, from time immemorial, have been allowed the privilege of telling incredible stories, and the harmless pleasantries connected therewith is productive only of good feeling and fraternity; but these falsehoods in relation to fruit-growing are misleading, and are often intended to mislead, and not infrequently lead to investments by women and inexperienced persons of small amounts of capital, but practically their all, which are swallowed up and irrecoverably lost in the course of two or three years. Looking at the statement above quoted, we have only to say that if the planter received fifty-two dollars, instead of fifty-two hundred, from his orchard the fifth year from setting, he received more than would ordinarily be received from an orchard of Pear and Plum trees of that age. Pear orchards, in very few cases, have proved profitable in this State, but hundreds have been planted and cultivated at considerable expense for a number of years, to be finally abandoned and dug up. The same may be said of Plum orchards; but in a few instances, accompanied by exceptional conditions, there have been successful issues with both of these fruits.

But, if fruit-bearing trees are so profitable, what must be thought of the golden opportunities that await our rural population in the cultivation of the vine, if we may believe what is said by parties interested in the sale of Grape vines. Agents traveling about and selling the Niagara vine have been the worst offenders in this respect, and have made many

victims. A correspondent of the *Chautauqua Farm and Vineyard*, published, last month, an account of the planting of new vineyards on the east shore of Seneca Lake, saying: "Grape setting has now fairly commenced, one hundred and fifty acres on one farm, and forty on the next adjoining. When we see the fences stripped from a two hundred acre farm, and the orchards torn out by the roots, and buildings moved, it has pretty much the appearance of a prairie, especially when the land is so level that you can see an object on any part of it. These farms work up the spring grain that is already nicely started and plow up the winter Wheat. Also, the Grape fever is so strong that valuable crops and orchards are destroyed to make room for the vines. The investment for the roots alone to set one hundred and fifty acres is \$25,400, and with the labor to get land prepared and roots set, the work of setting twenty thousand stakes, and their cost, \$2,000, and one hundred and twenty-five miles of wire, weighing about twenty tons, and stretching the wire, and the cost of the land, the enterprise will absorb at least \$50,000." The estimate of expense here is far below cost, and no mention is made of interest on the capital. How immensely profitable it must be if it pay to root up orchards that, according to the first statement, pay a profit of more than \$1,300 an acre. The undertaking is very fitly called a "fever," and those who are attacked will have ample time to cool off after the disease has run its course.

It is probable that if the figures could be produced they would show that in most of the successful vineyards planted within the last ten years, but little more has been realized from them than the expense of their care and the current rate of interest on the investment, and, as a rule, two or three persons have failed in planting a vineyard before a third or fourth party has bought it out, and finally carried it along to a profitable state.

Orchards and vineyards in the hands of some parties become profitable, but a long observation leads to the conclusion that the number of failures compared with successes may be safely stated to be at least three to one, and if accurate statistics could be consulted it is probable they would show the ratio to be as high as five to one. Commercial fruit-growing should be undertaken by inexperienced persons with great caution, but, having once entered the business, it should be prosecuted with vigor and persistence.

NURSERYMEN'S CONVENTION.

The thirteenth annual convention of the National Association of Nurserymen, was held at Detroit, on the 20th and 21st of June. President C. L. Watrous, of Des Moines, Iowa, in his opening address, stated that varieties of fruits derived from native species have proved most hardy, and that the hope of successful fruit-growing in the Western States depends greatly upon the production of new varieties from our native species. He believed that in the course of the present generation the common and universally propagated varieties of the Apple in the northwest will be descendants of the native Crab Apple. The President thought one of the objects sought to be attained by the Association is some method of disseminating nursery products true to name. The parties especially guilty in this respect are claimed to be dealers who first make sales to the public and then buy of the nurserymen to fill their orders. Did it never occur to nurserymen that if they would stipulate in

their bills of sale that they would refund the price of all trees or plants sold by them found to be different from what they send them out, that they could find customers for all their stock at first hands and without the aid of the traveling salesmen? There is no doubt of this. Who will try the experiment?

The business enacted by the society related principally to trade matters.

The following named members were elected officers for the ensuing year: George H. Sweet, New York, President; G. J. Carpenter, Nebraska, Vice President; Charles A. Green, New York, Secretary; A. R. Whitney, Illinois, Treasurer; George Weltz, Ohio, S. D. Willard, New York, and S. M. Emery, Minnesota, Executive Committee.

The next annual meeting is to be held at Chicago, on the first Wednesday of June.

A GREAT EXPOSITION.

The great International Exposition about to be held in Buffalo, from the 4th to the 14th of September, promises much that will be interesting to everybody. Every industry of importance in the country is expected to be represented. The arts, manufactures, agriculture, horticulture, breeding, in all their departments, will constitute the great features. A bicycling tournament is arranged, and a track laid for the purpose is half a mile in circumference, and is considered the best of the kind ever made.

The cash premiums offered amount to \$100,000. The premiums on horses alone amount to \$13,450. Premiums will be on all kinds of live stock, including poultry, pigeons and blooded dogs.

The grounds comprise nearly one hundred acres, near the center of Buffalo, and are approached by steam and street car lines.

The art gallery of the Buffalo International Exposition will contain some of the most celebrated paintings in the world. In the machinery and horticultural halls, and in the agricultural and industrial departments will be shown the greatest inventions and devices, and the most wonderful natural and industrial products of this marvelous day of civilization.

As to what the moral influence of the great Buffalo International Fair will be there is no longer any doubt. In its very constitution it has caused to be written the following: "No pool selling, betting or gambling of any nature shall be permitted upon the grounds of the association during any annual exhibition; nor shall any strong or spirituous liquors be sold or drank thereon during any such exhibition." By this act the association has shown its strength more than by any other possible means. To come out boldly and assert one's self on the side of morality when large "license money" stands ready to be offered is an indication of strength in, and is an honor to, corporations, as well as individuals.

MEXICO.

The publishing house of Lee and Shepard, of Boston, Mass., has now in press and ready for issue, a new volume of travels through our sister republic, entitled, *Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive*, the joint work of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, of Boston, and Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, of Chicago. Both ladies have attained a high position in American literature, and each has a distinct individuality of her own. Their observations during their journey were confined to no one thing, but were close, thoughtful and universal. In this volume Mrs. Sullivan writes of the religious, political and educational interests of Mexico, and of its material resources. Mrs. Blake considers picturesque Mexico, its social

and domestic life, and its literature. *Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive*, when once in hand will be read through with the most intense interest and substantial profit.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE MILLIONS.

The fourth volume of Alden's *Manifold Cyclopaedia* contains 122 illustrations—637 pages, large type, handsome cloth binding, for 50 cents, or in elegant half morocco binding for 65 cents. Is not that truly bringing knowledge to the millions? The fifth and sixth volumes have also been published.

The great merit of the *Cyclopaedia* is its adaptation to practical use. Careful examination impresses one with its accuracy, as well as the remarkable fullness of its information. The combination of Unabridged Dictionary and Cyclopaedia is a wonderful convenience. Each volume as it comes to the reader's hands invariably renews the surprise felt that a book so well got up can be afforded for a price so low. Whoever wants a Cyclopaedia—and who does not?—would do well to order at least a specimen volume, which may be returned if not wanted. Reduced prices are offered to early subscribers for complete sets, which are to consist of 30 or more volumes, the volumes being issued at intervals of about a month. The work is not sold either by agents or booksellers, but only by the publisher direct, which in some measure accounts for the wonderfully low prices. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York, or 218 Clark Street, Chicago.

GEOGRAPHY.

Methods and Aids in Teaching Geography, is a new educational work by Charles F. King, A. M., Head-master of the Dearborn School, and formerly Sub-master of the Lewis Grammar School, in Boston, to be published by Messrs. Lee and Shepard. This book is designed to help teachers and normal pupils in presenting this study interestingly and profitably; to give teachers needed information or to indicate where it may be gained; and also to illustrate the teaching of an experienced tutor in the practical work of the school-room.

It is believed that Professor King's book will contribute toward revolutionizing the study of geography, and that it will be received as an excellent addition to the aids which modern instructors desire in their educational work.

AMERICAN FLORISTS.

The Society of American Florists will hold their fourth annual meeting in New York, August 21, 22, 23 and 24. The convention will be held at Cooper Union, 4th Avenue and 8th Street, and the exhibition will be made at Nilsson Hall, 15th Street and Irving Place. Instructive essays and entertaining discussions are expected, and the New York Florists' Club will tender an excursion to the society. The meeting will, no doubt, be a source of profit and pleasure to all who attend, and the florists of the country generally should avail themselves of its privileges.

QUINCE CULTURE.

Such is the title of a well written and well illustrated small volume on this branch of fruit culture, written by W. W. Meech, and published by the Orange Judd Company, New York. From a careful examination of the work we are satisfied that it is an able treatise on the subject, supplying all the necessary information for the intelligent and successful cultivation and the gathering and marketing of the Quince, and the best means of combatting its fungoid and insect enemies.